Incendiary

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Incendiary

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Summary

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"Hello, darling," it murmured, the voice so achingly familiar, it made Will want to weep. "I was waiting for you in bed, but I must have fallen asleep. I didn't hear you come in, but you cried out in your sleep."

Notes

WARNING: This story is a little darker than what I usually write, with graphic depictions of violence at the beginning. It still has a happy ending, but it doesn't begin happy. If you don't want to read this kind of content, you have been warned - I'm nothing if not thorough for my readers.
🤍JM

NOTE: I do not allow translations or additional archiving locations. Please let me know if you find this work anywhere except AO3, posted by me. I hate adding this note, but I hate my work being stolen even more. Thank you for understanding.

Incendiary (adj.): Latin
Designed for the purpose of causing fire;
Likely to cause anger
Or violence.

The wrist ached fiercely, much to Will's frustration. The ex profiler made his way through the streets of La Paz, cradling the damaged appendage to his stomach, hoping there wasn't enough blood on his clothes to draw attention. The men he had been hunting for the past three weeks were dead, lying behind him in a smoldering pile of torn flesh and broken bone. Well, most of them, anyway. Of the three men who had survived the burning of the compound housing Bolivia's lucrative cocaine factories, only one remained. Will had pulled the intestines out of one of the fuckers who had cut Hannibal to ribbons, the screams issuing from the man's mouth the sweetest symphony he had ever heard. The man had tried to pray in the end, and Will took it upon himself to remind him, in his own language, that god did not exist for people like him, no matter how he lined the church's pockets. Some acts of violence didn't wash away. Will's tears, the long nights alone as he begged any deity to return his lover safely home, the screaming and swearing… it all served as a harsh reminder that god was not just. Justice was inelegant. Good, old fashioned wrath? The man upstairs seemed to live for it. He had proven it when Hannibal had been cut to ribbons, begging Will to leave him in the streets and save himself. He was as good as dead anyway.

All the ex profiler could hope for now was silence, at least for a few hours. He knew in his heart that he would find no peace until he managed to tear apart the last of them, but he'd settle for a good night's rest for now.

It had been six weeks since Hannibal had died, six miserable weeks of coming back to their empty apartment to be surrounded by the ghost of the man he loved. Time didn't lessen the impact. Any time he returned home, Will trudged up the stairs to their apartment, silently cursing the quiet strain of his heart, the last little hope he held onto that Hannibal had somehow survived the damage dealt to his body. He knew it couldn't be true; while he had not been able to stay long enough to watch the doctor exhale his last, he had assessed the damage before fleeing the area. There was no way Hannibal had survived what had been done to him. The thought of the torn flesh, the bright flash of panic in his lover's maroon gaze as he stared, disbelieving, into Will's own ruined eyes, brought him to tears every time the memory crept up on him. He knew Hannibal wouldn't have held it against him, but the knowledge didn't lessen his guilt. The horrible pain of his failure to save the man that had saved him more times than he could count burned through him every time he reached across their bed and found the spot where Hannibal slept cold and empty.

Six years wouldn't lessen the pain. Nor would sixty. Will accepted his sorrow, wore it around his shoulders like a cloak. Their future had been so bright, too. They had chosen Bolivia for the culture, the temperature change, and the ability to disappear within the tall metal structures that encompassed the city. The apartment they found had been large and clean, sleekly upgraded and recently on the market due to the disappearance of someone within the cocaine trade, a man by the name of Xavier Choque. The man's seemingly

untimely end was their beginning, and they had taken it without a second thought. The had spent their first months there painting and furnishing every room around them with care, surrounding themselves with sumptuous décor and comfortably fashionable furniture. Hannibal had even managed to hang on to his knife collection, the leather roll produced from amongst their possessions like a magician's wand. Will had been so pleased they'd managed to take them with them when they left France. He had grown quite fond of using the curved blade that hid amidst the more mundane kitchen cutlery.

They had just settled into their new life when the men had shown up at their home, their very presence quietly threatening. They had demanded to speak with the man who owned the apartment. At first, all three seemed as confused as Will and Hannibal had been; neither of them looked like a Xavier, and their Spanish was not nearly as practiced as French or Italian, as they had resided in both countries for extended periods of time and often lapsed into professions of love in French, discussions in Italian, both without another thought. When they haltingly explained they had only recently moved in, the men that came for the missing man decided they must have been lying. That or it didn't matter who they brought back to bleed, as long as they produced someone to their boss. Will would have been surprised if their combined IQ reached triple digits, chuckling softly to Hannibal while they argued in the outer hallway of their home.

It had been the laughter in the end. If Will had waited a few more minutes, they'd have been home free, closing the door so they could finish unpacking the last of their recently acquired dishes before walking into town for dinner. He would have been making love to Hannibal beneath the spray of water in their shower, pinned back against the tiles as they kissed, the warmth of the water cascading down their bodies as they chased their inexhaustible appetites for one another. The meal would have been something remarkable, and upon their return home, their clothes would have found themselves strewn in an erotic trail to the bedroom. Instead, they had found themselves lead away at gunpoint to be presented to one of the ugliest men Will had ever laid eyes on, including Mason Verger after he fed his face to Will's dogs. They had never learned his name beyond what he was called by his men, but had tried to protest their capture, stating they knew nothing of the Bolivian drug trade, or the whereabouts of El Demonio's missing pusher.

After days of torture and starvation, they had been set free with the warning to keep from crossing the demon and his trade, lest they want to beg for death. When they crossed the threshold to their home, the place felt tainted, some of the happiness stolen by the men that had come to claim a prize that didn't exist within their walls. Within a week, the drug lord's compound lay in smoldering ruins, and Will had lost the only thing that had ever truly mattered to him. When the building was finally burning and Will had been sure none of the men inside could escape, he had returned to the place where his lover's body had lain, but the men that had destroyed his happiness had taken it with them. *Probably to dispose of it. Didn't deserve to touch a hair on his head, let alone lay him to rest.* The thought sent his stomach roiling, bile burning in his throat as Will made his way home, alone for the first time in more than a decade.

The heat that sank into his heart helped him get through his days, made planning for the capture of the three that had escaped with Hannibal's corpse easier than it had a right to be. Will had tracked their movements for weeks, calling upon his old instincts to sniff them out

to their new professions. He had meticulously studied their routines, watched as they went about living their lives as if untouched by his tragedy. He fueled the fires of his hatred, feeding it the small moments they shared with the families they strove to provide for, comfortable in the knowledge that he was going to take everything from them as they had done to him.

He watched them transform within days, turning from the loving, doting, thankful survivors to the men they had been before they cheated death. One beat his wife with such regularity, she flinched at every shadow that passed over her. A perpetual bruise bloomed over one side of her once beautiful face, marring her features with a sorrow that sank into her bones. She was already dead, she only moved through the motions in a parody of life. It would be easy to end him. The second was a drinker, a gambler that often found himself thrown out of gambling halls in the early morning hours to stumble towards his poor excuse for a home. He lived alone, having run his wife off many years previously. He saw the man clutch her picture to his chest from time to time, weeping as he fell into the desperate oblivion of the addicted. Both would prove to be easy targets, lives that were better when not lived to their full expectancy.

The third had managed to elude him for a time, but it didn't take Will long to discover what aspects of his life he was trying so desperately to hide. The third man hurt the worst to witness as he made his way home to a handsome young man, kissing him with a fervor that made Will's heart feel as if it were being wrenched from his chest. He watched them through the windows for almost a week, unwilling to admit to himself the real reason he couldn't tear his eyes from the couple. The reminder of what he lost was more visceral when viewed through the love of the couple he canvassed through the window. He had witnessed their lovemaking only once, his insides burning with need as he watched them writhe amidst the soft white sheets of their bed. He had taken his cock in his hands beneath the spray of the shower that night, hating himself as he remembered what it was to be as in love as the two men had been. He curled up beneath the water until it ran cold as ice, unwilling to let go of his memories of the man who should be there with him, easing his worries and stoking the fires within him. Instead, all he had were the memories parading behind his eyes every night when he tried to sleep. He had crawled, too weak to walk, into their bed, and held Hannibal's pillow to his chest, breathing in the doctor's scent as he cried until there were no tears left to shed.

It happened two days after, a fortuitous flat tire and three men without the knowledge to change it. Will's stun gun had done the trick, allowing him to roll them into their own van so he could deliver them back to the scene of the crime. The first two had died screaming, begging him to think of their families in a tongue still too foreign for Will to make out most of what they babbled. The curved knife carved through their flesh like butter, the spray across his hands a warm rush of comfort as he watched the light leave their eyes. It had been his hesitation with the man that reminded him so much of what he had lost, his need to savor the kill that had cost him the use of his hand and the loss of his prisoner. He didn't realize the rope had been tied more loosely than what would hold him, and he knew they'd be fleeing, escaping the justice he was owed.

It didn't matter. It was a problem for another night. Exhausted to the bone, Will pushed his key into their door, unlocking it and entering the quiet hush of their apartment. He didn't

bother turning on the lights; he didn't need them. The layout of their home was as familiar to him as the color of his own eyes. Leaning against the door, Will dropped his keys, letting his weariness overtake him at last. He sank to his knees before leaning up against the heavy wood of his door. He let his head fall back and just… breathed. Hannibal was everywhere within these walls, the smell of home mingling with the spicy scent of the doctor's expensive aftershave, burning through Will's blood as he filled his lungs with the scent. He could make out the furniture they had picked out, the pieces delivered to the wrong house twice before they finally arrived. The rug over which they had argued in a marketplace, much to the amusement of the shopkeeper. They had taken it home to make love upon it, the material so soft and comfortable that Will had eventually placed it before the fireplace so they could use it as often as possible. The walls were covered in photographs of their adventures, the frames arranged in tasteful harmony by the man whose absence burned through the ex profiler's body like all consuming hellfire. He was desperately tired, aching to the bone. His hand would need to be seen to before he could sleep as well. At the moment, he couldn't bring himself to move. He wanted to stay, to absorb everything Hannibal left behind into his being, let those memories heal the parts of him that cracked apart in the doctor's absence, ease the emptiness and rage if only for a moment, simply by remembering. Will closed his eyes, breathing in Hannibal's scent as they danced across a ballroom floor in Paris, the applause almost deafening when Hannibal claimed his mouth with his own.

He was asleep in minutes, and in his dreams, he was safe, cradled in the arms of a man he'd never see again.

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"Will… darling… you can't sleep there. Come into the bedroom and let me see to your hand." The voice filtered through the ex profiler's consciousness, wrapping around him like a blanket. Blearily, he opened his eyes, trying to clear his vision as he looked around, confused as to what had woken him. The dark shape of a man crouched before him, reaching outward as if to shake his shoulder. Will let out a startled cry, trying to scramble back from the outstretched hand as if it would burn him. The figure stilled, slowly lowering the arm before speaking.

"Hello, darling," it murmured, the voice so achingly familiar, it made Will want to weep. "I was waiting for you in bed, but I must have fallen asleep. I didn't hear you come in, but you cried out in your sleep." Will's heart hammered in his chest, adrenaline pumping its way through his veins as he tried to make sense of what was transpiring. The shadow even looked like him, but… it couldn't be. He died. Hannibal was dead and his mind had finally broken, leaving him with a ghost as well as his memories. The shadow sighed, pushing itself to its feet.

"I see you're having some trouble understanding what has happened," the voice continued soothingly. "That's completely understandable. I had hoped to explain after we made love, but now is as good as a time as any." The shadow hesitated before moving. "May I turn on the lights?" Will trembled, his knees to his chest. *It's fine. It wants to turn on the lights, prove that it's there. You can handle this. Just let it do what it wants, and maybe it will disappear.*

“Y- yeah. That’s fi- um, it’s fine.”

The shadow nodded and the room flooded with pale amber light, causing Will to squint against the sudden bright rush. Blinking rapidly, he sought the shadow to find the thinner and decidedly tired looking figure of Hannibal Lecter standing before him, looking down at him with a fond frustration. Will’s brain tried to restart as he took in the man’s appearance. *He’s- he’s here. I’ve made him appear, just as I wanted.*

“Can I help you stand?” Hannibal asked gently, holding his arms out. Will nodded and held his arms out. Hannibal grasped his uninjured hand, pulling the other man unsteadily to his feet. The touch of the doctor’s hands felt real, his skin warm and alive beneath his palms. Will had to hand it to himself- when his mind broke, it created an image so real, he could feel his lover’s skin pressed against his own. Hannibal studied his face, concerned. Will swallowed hard, trying to think of something to say.

“Thank you. For- you know. Helping me up.” Hannibal nodded, releasing his hands while continuing to study his face.

“I have to admit, this was not the reaction I was expecting when you found out I’m alive,” he said, his eyebrow lifting slightly at Will’s blush. Will smiled thinly, walking towards their bedroom as he rotated his wrist, trying to assess the damage to it.

“You aren’t alive, though,” he said quietly. “I can’t believe I managed to break this badly, but this is obviously my own doing. I am broken without you, Hannibal. I am nothing, a shell, going through the motions although I’ve already died. I died when you bled out in that back lot.” Tears tracked down Will’s cheeks as he fought for breath, his chest heaving with sorrow. “I couldn’t save you, and you were gone when I returned to take you home. You were gone. I couldn’t even say goodbye, got no closure. And now, on the night I hunted them down and pulled their guts from their bodies before setting them on fire, you show up to wreak havoc on my already straining mind. You’re dead, and you’re not coming back to me and-”

Will’s words were silenced by the gentle brush of lips against his own, the touch so fucking good, he could barely stand it. Hannibal’s hands cupped his face, trailing fingertips through his tears as he deepened their kiss, licking his way in desperation into Will’s mouth. The groan that escaped the ex profiler was broken, so laced with sorrow that Hannibal had to keep his mouth pressed to his lover’s to prevent his own tears from spilling down his cheeks. Without hesitation, he backed the other man into the door, pinning him in place as he worked the bloody shirt open and off, the material dropping to the carpet with a soft flump. Fingers raked over Will’s heated flesh, mapping his body as if he were cherished, as if those hands wanted to do nothing more than love him for the rest of his days. They traced his ribcage, down his stomach to yank open his belt, sending the strip of leather to the ground in a violent toss. The hands released the button of his jeans, unzipping them to push the material down his hips and out of the way. Will panted against the door, lost in the sudden rush of arousal that coursed through his skin. *Fuck, oh god- it feels so real-*

When the long, elegant fingers wrapped around his erection, gliding along his skin from root to tip with just the right amount of pressure, Will cried out, his entire body shaking with the ferocity of his need. Hannibal buried his face in the other man’s throat, breathing in the smell

of his sweat mingled with the scent of blood and ozone as he worked his lover's erection through his fist. He didn't want Will to last, to draw out his pleasure until he could take no more. He wanted him to come, he need the orgasm to wash away any doubts of his existence. He could already feel the fine trembling marking that Will was close, and wrapped a hand around the other man's hip to keep him in place. *Yes, darling. Take what you need. Know, without a doubt, that I've come back to you.*

Will tried to protest, even as his orgasm screamed along his veins with the force of an oncoming train. His balls had tightened up within minutes, and it took gritting his teeth not to come immediately at the perfect pressure stroking his cock. Hannibal was relentless, holding him against the door as their teeth clashed, tongues flashing as they kissed. Their kiss was rough, fueled with pain and anger, hurt and disbelief. It was absolutely perfect. With the last scrap of control he had, Will planted his feet, leaning into the door as his orgasm overtook his senses. It broke over his skin like water against stone, high, sharp peaks of pleasure burning through his body as he tried to stay upright. Hannibal watched him with adoring eyes as he trembled and gasped, his hands finding purchase on the doctor's shoulders as he spilled over those elegant fingers.

He didn't bother trying to protest when Hannibal swept him from where he stood and carried him to the bedroom.

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They lay together as the sun set, exhaustion keeping them in bed for the entire day. Hannibal had helped Will wash away most of the blood that clung to his skin, gingerly feeling along his damaged wrist as Will gritted his teeth in pain. It was badly sprained and would need a brace, but even the pain felt fuzzy, barely there around the edges of his mind. He had woken in pain about an hour ago, but couldn't find it in him to leave the bed. Instead, he watched the doctor sleep. Hannibal still looked tired, and Will felt the lull of his exhaustion like a siren's song, trying to pull him back down into slumber. He fought it with everything he had; he couldn't sleep, not yet. If he did…

"Why are you awake, darling?" The deep, cultured voice was quiet in the darkening room, easing through his nerves like a balm, soothing his ragged nerves. Will ran his fingers through Hannibal's hair, relishing in the soft, silky texture he thought he'd never feel again.

"I can't sleep," he mumbled quietly. "If I do, you might be gone when I wake." Hannibal's eyes met his in the low light, gently holding his gaze before pulling Will into his arms.

"I can promise you, I will not be leaving this bed for some time yet, and you need to sleep as much as I do." Will trembled in his arms, the wetness of his tears coating Hannibal's chest as they slid down his cheeks.

"What happened, Hannibal? Where were you? Why did you take so long to come home?" The doctor sighed tiredly, running his hands through Will's curls as he tried to put the events together.

"I was… detained for a time," he started." Will's gaze held his own as Hannibal cleared his throat before continuing. "Those men were given orders to kill me and make it quick, but I

survived. I felt you trying to check to see if I was alive, but I was too weak to speak to you. Then… you disappeared. I heard the fire go up, smelled the gasoline you tossed onto the buildings. When you lit their compound on fire, and when nobody emerged from the flames, they panicked and ran."

Will nodded; he knew this much already.

"How did you end up healing as you have?" Hannibal's hands continued petting his hair, soothing himself as much as Will.

"One of them, the youngest of the three, he took me home. He lives there with his partner, who happens to be in medical school. He'd taken the job with El Demonio to help him pay for his schooling. The young man did a fine job of nursing me back to health. It took time, of course. Longer than it should have. I had only felt well enough to return home to you when Gabriel returned with news that you had tried to end his life." Will stilled at the words, absorbing their meaning with dawning horror, appalled at what had almost happened to the man that had saved his lover.

"Why didn't you come home to me?" he demanded, his voice breaking with emotion. "We have always taken care of one another. I would have helped you. When I thought you were dead… I lost my mind, Hannibal. It very nearly broke me." Hannibal hummed, low in his throat.

"They were not sure I would survive the cuts at first. I couldn't move much, lest the stitches open. I would have bled out within minutes. As I got to know them, I agreed to stay until I could return safely to you." Hannibal tilted Will's face towards his own, capturing his lips in a gentle kiss. Will trembled beneath him, the sound escaping his throat low and weak with need.

"I came to you as soon as I was able," Hannibal whispered against Will's lips, kissing him as if he would never get another chance. "Please believe that. I will never leave you, darling. We belong to one another, and all I thought of was returning to you." Will nodded, reaching for the doctor's lips, unable to speak any longer. They communicated without words for long minutes, hands scrunching through eachother's hair, letting the gentle contact of their mouths soothe their nerves as they relaxed back beneath the covers. Will finally fell asleep, his weight a comfortable pressure where he lay across Hannibal's body. The doctor smiled, running his hands through the riotous curls of Will's hair, his thoughts swirling through his mind as they drifted.

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Hannibal woke with a moan, his cock being bathed to hardness by a warm, wet tongue. His hands found their way beneath the covers to grip Will's hair as he sank Hannibal's length between his lips, his tongue flashing across the damp, swollen crown. Pale blue eyes met maroon in a flash of hunger before Will returned his focus to the task at hand. Pushing the doctor's legs apart, he began to suck, bobbing his head to slide the stiff prick into his softened throat. Hannibal's pulse pounded against his skin as he tugged fretfully at Will's hair, caught between trying to draw it out and wanting to come so badly, he was a deep breath from begging.

“Will- oh-” He could feel the smile against his cock as Will licked him, slow, wet laps from root to tip before taking him in his hands. Working his length in his grip, Will lowered his lips to the flushed tip of Hannibal’s cock, sucking on the swollen glans as he worked the hard flesh through his fist. Unresisting, Hannibal came with a shout, his entire body trembling as Will worked him through, lengthening the tight, white peaks of pure pleasure as the bitter fluid flooded across his tongue. Closing his eyes, he savored the taste as he never had before, fully aware that there was a time he thought he’d never see Hannibal again. This small act, no matter how insignificant it had once felt, was now his entire world.

Hannibal fell back in an exhausted heap, pulling his lover into his arms. He kissed Will’s sweaty brow, laid another gentle kiss to his nose before reaching for his lips. He tasted himself in the kiss, his pulse slowing at the familiar comfort of their lovemaking. They slept soundly through the rest of the night, only waking when the sky was once again been painted a perfect, brilliant blue.

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Will was roused from sleep by the scent of food wafting into the bedroom from the kitchen. Confused, he tried to recall what had transpired the night before, wondering wildly for a moment who was in his house. With a sudden, thudding force, he remember that Hannibal had returned to him. *Hannibal.* Will grinned up at the ceiling before rolling to the side of their bed. Stretching, he rose, pulling on a pair of boxers and Hannibal’s favorite grey lounge pants before making his way carefully into the rest of their house. Padding down the hall, he tried to stop the wild thump of his heart, the happy giddiness that threatened to spill through his entire being. When he rounded the corner into the kitchen, he stopped, awestruck love coursing through his veins as he gazed at the view before him. Hannibal stood at the stove in boxer briefs and a pair of navy lounge pants, piling two plates with pancakes and bacon, expertly plating as he turned the burners off. Will’s heart ached at the sight, unable to believe that the universe had deemed to give him back what he had lost. *I will pay you back in love*, he promised silently. *I will love this man until the day I die.*

Hannibal turned, plates in hand, to meet Will’s gaze. Placing them back on the stove, he drew his lover closer, kissing him soundly on the mouth before picking up their plates, placing them in their respective places at the bar.

“Good morning, darling,” he whispered when he finished, pulling Will into his arms to claim his mouth. Mm, Will thought as Hannibal deepened the kiss, walking them back to press him into the fridge, scattering magnets all along the floor. Good morning indeed. *Christ, I love you. And I’m never going to let you go.*

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